NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

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EXODUS NUMBER

BROADWAY & GRACE

THE BALL ROOM MAGNIFICENT

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Every Nite Except Monday — High School Matinee Saturday 3 P. M.

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Every other number will be a delightful waltz.

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2 Ballrooms — 2 Orchestras — One Admission

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THE HUB

Henry C. Lytton & Sons

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The Lytton College Shop Has Made a Name for Itself

IT DIDN'T take long for the story of The Lytton College Shop to get noised around the various campuses of the Middle West Universities. The idea of our eliminating the premium that was being exacted on exclusiveness, correctness and individual service was indeed welcomed. This shop offers all those things, with the added attraction of the materially lower prices which our tremendous volume of business permits. It will pay you to get acquainted.

$45 to $75

Did You Ever See Fish Climb Waterfalls?

Glacier
NATIONAL PARK

Open June 15 to Sept. 15

The Blackfeet Indians tell about the tree climbing fish and fish that climb the waterfalls recorded in ancient tribal legends as having once inhabited the section of Montana, now set aside as Glacier National Park.

You may not—probably, you will not see tree climbing fish, but the fish are there, and the trees are there, if they want to climb them.

Go out this summer and see the wonders of Glacier Park. Know the thrill of riding horseback along skyland trails. See the mountain goats playing on the edge of space. Motor over scenic skyways—hike—fish—camp.

All expense tours—1 to 7 days—or longer. Modern hotels and rustic chalet camps provide restful comfort and good meals.

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Through trains from Chicago and Kansas City via Burlington Route—Great Northern Railway (main line) to Glacier Park, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland. Free side trip to Vancouver, B. C. and return from Seattle if you wish. En route to the Pacific Northwest, Alaska or California—visit Lake Chelan, Rainier and Crater Lake National Parks.

For free information or booklet, apply any ticket or tourist agent or offices Great Northern Railway.

226 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. Longacre Building, New York, N. Y.
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A. J. DICKINSON, Passenger Traffic Manager, St. Paul, Minn.

Low Fares Via

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

Route of the New Oriental Limited

Finest train to Pacific Northwest

"Do you mean to say that you shave yourself all the time?" asked the barber.

"Well, hardly," replied the customer. "I stop occasionally for my meals."—Drexel Drexerd.

—¶P—

'26—What's a kilogram, anyhow?

'25—A hundred feet, isn't it?

'26—Naw, that's a centipede you're thinking of. —Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.

—¶P—

Lady of the House—I'm getting tired of feeding strangers. What do you do for a living, anyway?

Tramp (proudly)—I live by my wits, madam.

Lady—Oh you poor man! Why didn't you tell me? Come in at once.—Utah Humbug.

—¶P—

She—Is your watch going?

He—It was the last time I saw it.

"What time is it?"

"Three months at six per cent.—Leland Stanford Chaparral.

—¶P—

Daughter (coming down stairs) — Where's George, Mother?

Mother—Today's the first of the month.

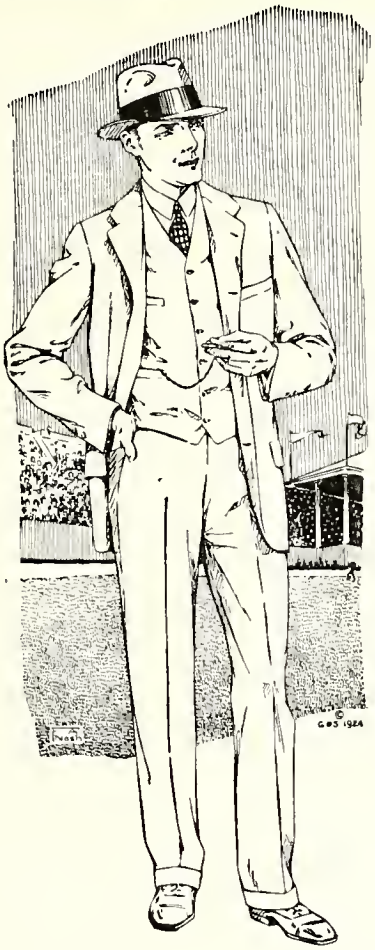
What's that to do with my date?

Well, your father thought he was a collector and threw him out.—Buffalo Bison.

Evanston's new eating place at 616 Church St., just east of Orrington Ave., is establishing a splendid reputation for Delicious Dinners, Fine Steaks, Golden Brown Waffles and Sandwiches on Toast served in a manner to satisfy the most particular at a price to suit the pocketbook. The name? Yes!

Hew's Waffle Grill

616 CHURCH STREET



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A University Model adopted by Graduates and Undergraduates, representing the extreme in comfort and smart appearance.

Fit, such as you never thought possible, absolute conformity to every action and posture of your body, easy adaptability to the set of your shoulders, perfect adherence to the collar line, and free, graceful swing to the whole.

You feel the intimate assurance that no matter where you go or in whatever company you appear, you are groomed to merit the critical judgment of those whose opinions you value.

Price range from $45.00 to $65.00

HERMAN, MANDIS & BOGIN CO.

Fifth Floor—Twenty-eight East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

Are You Coming Back?

YOU may be among those upon whom the gates of College life will be closing in June forever. You may be coming back next fall. In either case we wish you luck.

The Fraternity Shop is "coming back" strong in the fall with a wide line of Dance Programs, Stationery, Greeting Cards and Favors for your selection. We look forward to the pleasure of serving you with all your "Social" needs.

Jewelry, Stationery Engraving
Dance Programs

Telephone Randolph 2400

The FRATERNITY *Shop*

14 West Washington Street
CHICAGO, ILL.

Business School, '98—Why was Nohowski sent to jail?

First Year Law—For plagiarism.

"How come?"

"He copied a ten-dollar bill."—Harvard Lampoon.

—¶P—

Sept. 20—Decide to do some real work this year.

Jan. 1—Decide to work from now till midyears.

Feb. 1—Decide to start semester out with a bang.

May 5—Decide to work hard till exams.

June 2—Decide to work next year.

June 2—Decide to work the rest of my life.—Princeton Tiger.

—¶P—

His Betrothed—Before you come to live with us, Georgie, I want you to realize what it means. My sister gives primary piano lessons all day, Bobby always comes in at the wrong time, father snores so you can hear him a block, and the hired man is a kleptomaniac.

Him—Never fear, dearest, I spent four years in a frat house.—California Pelican.

—¶P—

"Bo, Ahm so hahd Ah can chew sahdust 'n spit two-by-fours."

"Huh, dats nuttin'. Ahm so hahd dat Ah can't eben walk down de street wid muh hans in m' pockets 'cause dey will pinch me fo' carrying concealed weapons."—Florida Swamp Angel.

—¶P—

Hunter (to guide, after the hunter had missed a bird)—Thunderation!

Guide—Not up to your form, sir.

Hunter—No. Just back from Africa. Elephants, you know. Can't see these beastly little things.—Drexel Drexerd.

—¶P—

She—I suppose you're happy now that you're married?

He—Well, I would be, but my wife keeps yapping about the shortcomings of her first husband.

She—Oh, I didn't know your wife was married before.

He—That's the trouble—she wasn't.—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

—¶P—

Lady (to drunk)—How gauche!

Drunk—Fine, thanks. How goesch it with you?—Cornell Widow.

—¶P—

Customer—Gimme a chicken!

Butcher—Do you wanna pullet?

Customer—No, I wanna carry it.—Hamilton Royal Gaboon.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

CHANCES COME TO WELL-DRESSED MEN

NOT because they have any more ability than men who are careless about clothes. The well-dressed man looks as tho he has more ability —that's all

Here at this store you'll find clothes that do you and your talents justice. They're as good as clothes can be made; they don't cost much; they have to satisfy—or money back

Hart Schaffner & Marx
make them

MacFARLAND-BROWNING CO.

Church at Sherman

Open Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Evenings

I take pleasure in announcing the opening of my

RESTAURANT and WAFFLE SHOP

The Sherway

at 3824-26 Broadway

ALWAYS OPEN

A nice place to dine

Breakfast Luncheon Dinner

Moderate Prices

Our eggs are fresh daily from River Bend Farm, Mich.

GEORGE TRAFTON

(FORMER LINE COACH)

"I call my baby the Prince of Wales."

"Really?"

"Yes, he cries so much."—Virginia Reel.

—¶P—

She—Was that your roommate we just passed?

He—Why, no. I don't even know him.

"That's funny. He gave that suit you have on an awful scrutiny.—Boston Beanpot.

—¶P—

Some week last Tuesday, Aesop said: "Pieces of timber and geological strata may injure my bony structure, but plebeian nomenclature is indeed very hármless.—Cornell Widow.

The chemist had had a scene with his wife who finally broke down crying, whereupon he ejaculated:

"Stop crying! Your tears have no effect on me. What are they? A small percentage of phosphorous salts, a little sodium chloride. All the rest—water. Bah!"—John Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.

—¶P—

"Sandy," observed a friend, "your horse looks as if he needed a rub-down. What's the matter?"

"Wul, ye see," said the Scotchman, "I ha developed a leetle dandruff, and I wouldna want the horse to catch it."—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

COLLEGE MEN

Follow closely the trend of styles. This is an acknowledged fact throughout the country.

We endeavor at all times to show only such men's wear as carries the stamp of approval and absolute reliability by featuring

Kuppenheimer Good Clothes

Dunlap and Borsalino Hats

Furnishings of Quality

E. S. EHMEN

STUDIO BLDG.

½ Block N. of P. O. Telephone 2021

What Are You Doing This Summer?

Many of you are planning to work during your vacation and are even now "lining up" jobs for the summer months.

What are you going to do with your money—spend it carelessly, or put it in the bank with an eye for next year and the circumstances expected and unexpected that inevitably arise during a college year?

Open a Savings Account and save systematically when you begin your summer work and insure yourself against worry next June. Small weekly payments that you won't miss now will mean a great deal to you next year.

STATE BANK AND TRUST COMPANY

Davis at Orrington

Open Saturday evenings, 6 to 8 o'clock

"Heard Dassaway was drowned in the underwater swimming contest.

"Yes, he had to sneeze.—Utah Humbug.

—ΦΡ—

Mister McGinty owned a goat. One fine Monday morning the tax collector called at the door and after ending his assessment of the property he added —"and $1 tax for goat."

Mister McGinty—How do you get that way?

The Tax Collector—Well, that's the law—I'll read ye—"50 cents for all front feet abutting and abounding on this street."—Missouri Showme.

—ΦΡ—

He—I see you're wearing golf stockings.

She—How do you know?

He—I just counted eighteen holes in them.—Williams Purple Cow.

—ΦΡ—

"What time is it?

"I'm a little fast.

"I know, but what time is it."—Mass. Tech Voo Doo.

—ΦΡ—

At the end of an extraordinarily poor recitation in trigonometry the prof said, "This has been the poorest display of knowledge that I ever saw. Why! I did three-fourths of the work myself."—Tennessee Mugwump.

AU REVOIR

After one of the most successful years in the history of Northwestern University, you are soon to return to your homes for the happy summer months. CHANDLER'S hope that each and every one of you will enjoy your vacation and return in the fall to accomplish even greater things than have been done in 1923-24.

To those of the Senior class who enter the whirl of life, we extend our best wishes for a successful career.

Chandler's
Fountain Square
EVANSTON

All the Charm
of
An Old Master
with the
Modern Chic
Embodied in

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Call or Phone for Appointments
EVANSTON 2181 and 8200

Rosenberg's

The North Shore's Greatest Store

For Commencement Activities

These are styles most young men like—loose, easy, yet not in the least extreme. Here we have them in a rich variety of choice imported and domestic fabrics particularly adapted to this style, in the rougher greys, blues and neat stripes. Again we recommend them for all commencement activities.

$50

COLLEGE CUT WHITE FLANNEL TROUSERS, $6 to $10

Men's Store—Second Floor, South

Exodus

Please accept this farewell number,
  You, the Class of '24,
Ere you leave to follow in the
  Footsteps trod by many more.

You are going to a land where
  Gone is every quiz and test,
Where professors cease from troubling
  And the student is at rest.

Where there is no outside reading,
  Ne'er a co-ed to be fed,
And the registrar's epistles
  Wake no guilty heart to dread.

You declare 'twill be a heaven,
  Parked upon the earth below,
Just the same we know blame well that
  In your heart you hate to go.

THE SENIOR'S SOLILOQUY

Tell me, Ethiopian night-shirt,
  Must I put my pride to shame,
And expose myself in public
  With you draped upon my frame?

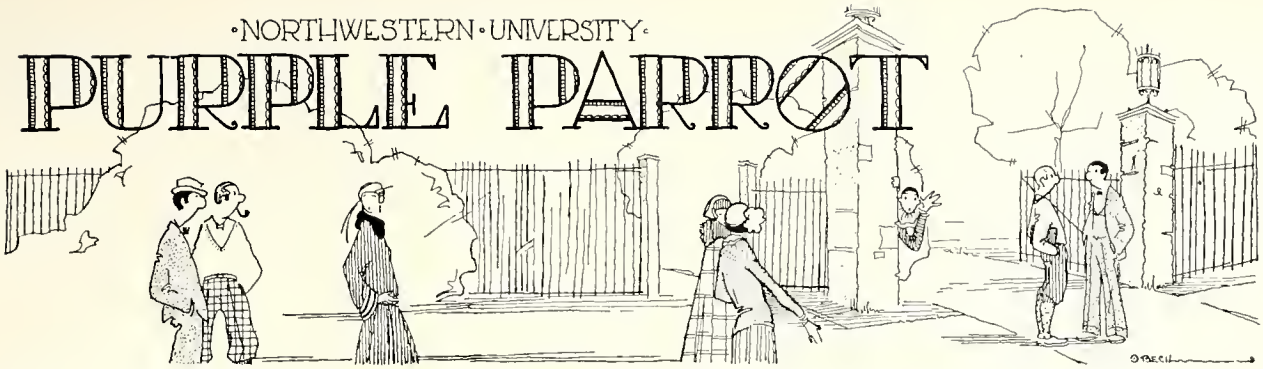
Solomon in all his glory
  Ne'er was garbed like one of these,
With thy somber convolutions
  Bagging outward at the knees.

From the lines that you are cut on,
  With a waist of eighty plus,
I suspect that you were built to
  Form fit a rhinoceros.

And I never once suspected—
  Though I'm no scholastic prize—
That I would be forced to sneak up
  On my sheepskin in disguise.

•NORTHWESTERN•UNIVERSITY•

PURPLE PARROT



VOL. IV | MAY, 1924 | No. 8

READ ON! AND ON!

(With apologies to no one)

Behind him lay a thousand books
Where he had scanned the pages o'er,
Before him lay the scholar's nooks
In which there lay a thousand more.
At length he sought his prof one day,
For hope itself had been withdrawn,
"When may I stop, professor, say?"
He said, "Read on! read on! and on!"

He read and read, by day and night,
The writings of a thousand men,
Till, desperate in his sorry plight,
He sought the fiendish prof again.
"Pray tell me, prof, must I prevail
Till even sight itself is gone?"
"Ah, then you'll have to turn to Braille,
So still I say, Read on! and on!"

Then, pale and wan he burned the oil,
Nor wasted precious time in bed,
Till gained the goal of all his toil,
And e'en the final tome was read.
Then, conscience free and undismayed,
He sought his prof at early dawn,
"Pray tell me, prof, what is my grade?"
Quoth he, "An incomplete. Read on!"

—QP—

Stude (in course in short story writing)—I'm afraid you will have to excuse me, professor. I was so ill over the week end that I couldn't prepare my usual story.

Prof—Never mind, Mr. Jones, you seem to have done very well.

—QP—

Soph—How do you extract a square root?

Frosh—G'wan, I'm no landscape gardener.

THE INQUIRING REPORTER IN HISTORY

Just suppose the adoption of the Declaration of Independence had been left to an Inquiring Reporter and the inevitable five persons, picked at random? Perhaps we would have had something like this:

Patrick Henry, chapel speaker—Well, I hardly know what to say. The old regime has given me a chance to get off some pretty swell epigrams, but on the other hand, if I don't get liberty, I'm sure out of luck.

George Washington, Father of His Country—As it is constitutionally impossible for me to asservate fallaciously, I will say that I am heartily in favor of the project.

John Hancock, insurance agent—I suppose so. I get awfully tired of signing nothing but checks. Still, when I think of having to read the Congressional Record some day, I am not so sure.

Betsy Ross, seamstress—What a silly question! The Declaration should certainly be adopted, if only for the sake of the candy shops of posterity.

George III, philanthropist—Emphatically, no! If it is passed, altogether too many people will be killed in Fourth of July celebrations.

—QP—

Customer—How do you sell your razor blades?

Clerk—At cut prices.

—QP—

"This warden captured three escaping convicts single handed."

"Must have been a game warden."

—QP—

Prof (angrily)—Only a fool will never change his mind.

His Victim—That is a rather sweeping statement. Perhaps you would care to modify it?

Prof—Never.

"I dropped twelve hours yesterday."
"Not much use of your staying in school then."
"Oh, but I can get a new watch."

AREN'T WOMEN FUNNY?

If they are under twenty, they want to appear to be twenty-five.

If they are twenty-five or over, they are always "twenty-one or twenty-two."

They are always trying either to reduce or to put on weight.

They are never "very hungry," but they always eat a lot.

They are always talking about somebody's "line."

They are forever going shopping. If they see a dress in a window they aren't happy until they get it, and when they get it, they won't wear it because "Mazie has one just like it."

They "just love to walk," but never when you have them on a date.

They marry men.

—S. A. L.

—PP—

Rastus—Whyfo' does you call your gal "Valspar" Sambo?

Sambo—Cause all de boilin' watah in de world ain't gwine turn her white.

—PP—

"When I left my girl last night I was walking on air."

" 'Smatter? Did her father throw you out?"

—PP—

Old Lady—How much is your Wordsworth?

Polite Clerk—Madam, you may trust it implicitly.

—PP—

Fanette—How did the base-runner happen to run into the batted ball?

Fan—He put himself out to do it.

TESTS TO DISCOVER WHETHER YOU ARE IN LOVE

1. Count number of times you missed being hit by auto during day—if number is over ten or you are killed, you are undoubtedly in love.

2. Close eyes and have some one feed you various types of food. If you cannot discern difference between grape nuts and horseradish—then Cupid has another one to his credit.

3. If you decide to go anywhere, jot down destination in note book. After you have arrived, compare original destination to actual place you landed at.

4. If you are a man—go to snappy musical comedy, and if you are particularly impressed by jokes of comedians rather than by rest of show—you might as well buy an engagement ring. If you are a woman—determine if you can remember name of hero of last movie you saw. A forgetful memory means wedding bells.

5. Final infallible test—If your correspondence from the registrar increases toward end of month, and if Dean evinces interest in amount of your chapel attendances—your friends might as well purchase rice and old shoes—you're in love.

—W. M. S.

—PP—

Assistant Dean—The students protest that Prof. Bunk is an old fossil.

Dean—Transfer him to the geology department at once.

—PP—

Chapel Speaker—What is it a sign of when a college man never passes anything?

Back Row—Poor table manners.

"He threw the lie in his teeth."
"No wonder. They're false."

IF WE TOOK POETS LITERALLY

Rudyard Kipling, who recently expressed a desire for transportation east of Suez, has been besieged with circulars from many of the leading oriental steamship lines.

Edgar Allen Poe, who gave his occupation as a poet, has been taken into custody by the police and is being held for psychopathic observation. According to the neighbors, he is in the habit of holding long conversations with a decrepit bird, said to be a crow, which frequents the premises.

Bayard Taylor returned from the Desert, yesterday, on a stallion shod with fire. He was arrested by a motorcycle cop for burning up the road.

H. J. Fuller, whose bonnie lies over the ocean, received word recently that she could not return as he had requested because the immigration quota was already filled.

Henry W. Longfellow was heard to say that he breathed a song into the air. He is now awaiting trial for broadcasting without a license. Longfellow is the same man who was recently apprehended for suspicious loitering upon one of the municipal bridges at an unseemly late hour.

The parents of Samuel Woodworth were recently fined by the county Board of Health for maintaining an unsanitary wooden bucket in their well. It is said that the information leading to the arrest was inadvertantly furnished by the poet himself.

Ben Johnson begged his love to drink to him only with her eyes. She replied that that was obviously impossible, as she had left her glasses home.

Bobbie Burns asked if old acquaintance should be forgot. Several of his creditors who were in the audience promptly replied in the negative.

The Dean of Eton College once heard Thomas Gray remark that ignorance was bliss. It is significant that Gray no longer attends Eton.

—PP—

She—How do you like my playing?
He—Fine!
She—Yeh?
He—Remarkable memory.
She—Yeh—
He—Remember the same mistakes you made two years ago.

—PP—

"What is an idle jest?"
"One that college comics have not worked to death."

Dear Editor: Infernal pest,
I must admit that you are right there,
You give me not a bit of rest
And make my life a living nightmare.

"One drawing more," your constant cry,
For stuff combining art and laughter.
I would have wished you dead, but I
Knew you would haunt me still, thereafter.

And so this last attempt I drew,
Though every thought was vain delusion;
While as to what I think of you—
I'll let YOU draw your own conclusion.

—PP—

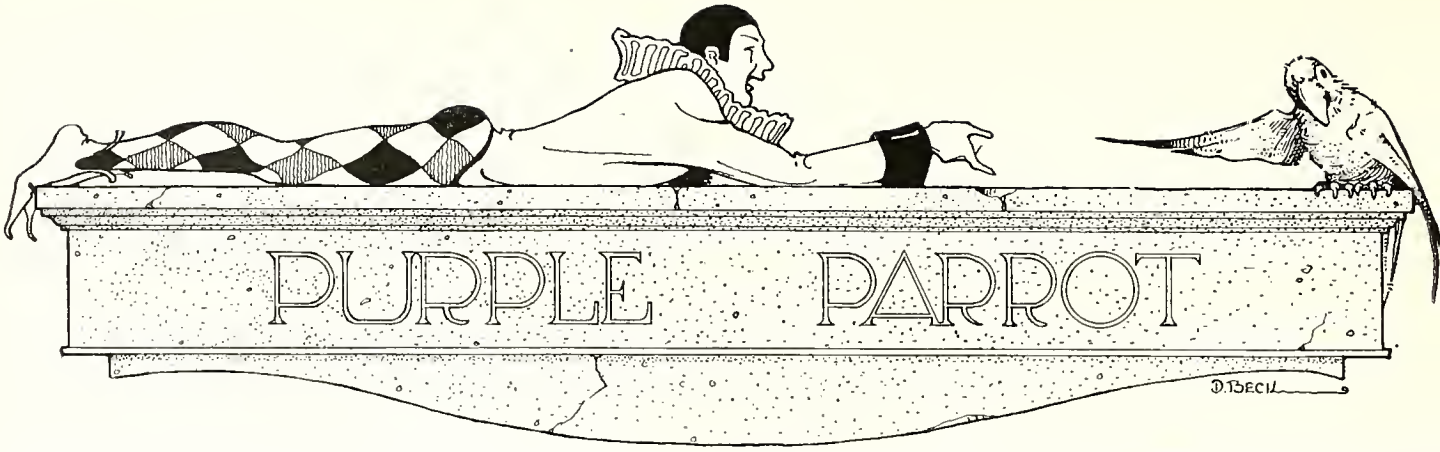
Sleight-of-hand Artist—Now in a moment these gloves will disappear before your eyes.
Unimpressed—Aw, quit your kid tricks.

—PP—

Co—What did the prof do when you asked him to raise an "E?"
Ed—Oh, he made a passing remark.

—PP—

"Do you ever stop dreaming about that girl?"
"Only when I am asleep."



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Application for Entry as Second-Class Matter at the Postoffice at Evanston, Ill., Pending.

The Exodus Number—

Providence, in its inscrutable wisdom, has ordained that every normal college student shall graduate after approximately four years of scholastic endeavor. Scientific research indicates that by this time he may be safely assumed to be incurably educated. Upon this supposition, **Polly** herewith dedicates this, his closing issue of the year, to the intellectuals of the departing Class of 1924.

Polly does not expect that the outgoing class will save the world. Most of them have been too busy clearing up their required majors and minors to take any elective courses in world-saving. He is confident, however, that after four years at Northwestern they are going out with certain clearly defined qualifications for success. In his own case, for instance, he now knows that he can sleep entirely through any form of oral exposition of an informative nature. He can turn down any form of financial solicitation without turning a hair. Furthermore, he can read a metropolitan newspaper without accepting as true a single statement therein contained. In short, he feels that his four years have been well spent.

P. S.—After laboriously extracting twenty dollars for a graduation fee, **Polly** cannot resist the temptation to add that time isn't all he has spent here.

Student Morality—

A prominent member of Northwestern's faculty recently declared, "I can leave money out upon my desk and know that it will be safe; but I cannot leave a set of examination questions similarly exposed." As a sidelight upon the prevailing standards of student morality, his statement is a significant one.

Why is it that a student who would not commit a financial theft would not hesitate to steal in order to pass an examination? Why is it that practically every honor system ever attempted in American universities has been a failure? Or, to take another phase of the same problem, why is it necessary for many hotels to refuse to take in college athletic teams because of their devastating effect upon the more readily transportable items of hotel property?

As indicated by the Dean, there are few students who would steal actual money. But when that money is translated into terms of silverware or hotel furnishings, or mimeograph sheets, the issue of right or wrong seems less vivid to some collegiate minds. It is a real problem, and one which can be solved only through the force of student opinion itself. **Polly** can think of only one place where theft is justified—upon the baseball diamond. Even then it should be distinctly limited to the base runners of the home team.

A Point System—

The recent action of the men's senior honorary society in asking that its president shall refrain from all other campus activities marks an important step in campus affairs. For the first time, it is recognized that the man who fills well one position of responsibility is doing more for his school than one who is unsuccessfully attempting to hold down two or three important jobs at once.

At the present time, a point system, enforced by the Woman's League, regulates the extent to which a woman may participate in Campus activities. In this way, offices on the campus are more evenly distributed, and the more capable girl is protected from having to shoulder more responsibility than is just. But for men's activities, more numerous and more exhaustive in their demands, there have been no such limitations.

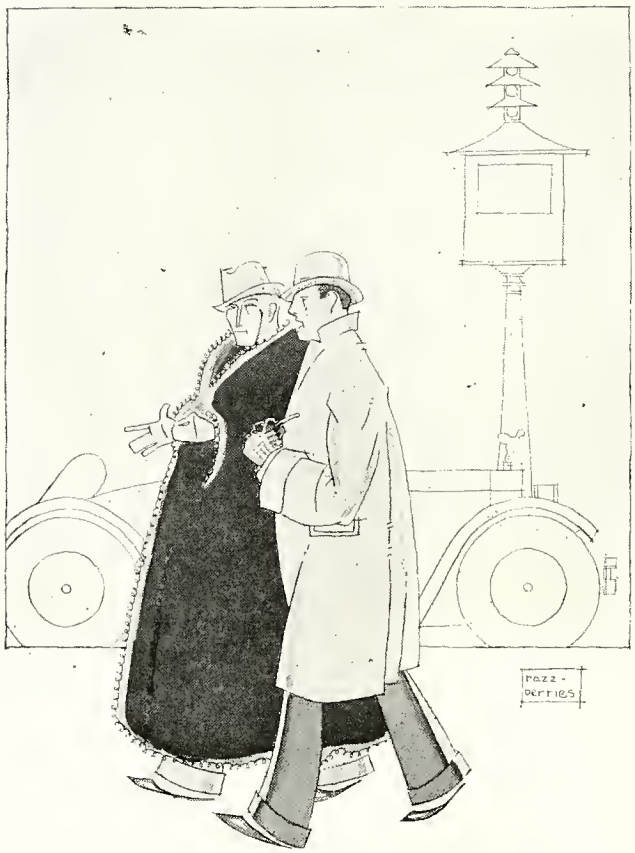
Such a restriction would, no doubt, work an immediate hardship upon certain campus organizations. It would serve to curtail the office-holding potentialities of the comparatively small group of men who now constitute the backbone of every campus activity. In the end, however, it would more than justify itself in attracting more men into campus activities and in providing for a concentration of their efforts when they get there. An official bureaucracy is as harmful to a campus as it is to a nation.

Ring in the New—

Before he goes, **Polly** wishes to extend a word of appreciation to the staff members who have aided and abetted him throughout the past year. Whatever of success he may claim, is due to the combined efforts of his art, editorial, and business staffs.

He also would inscribe a word of greeting to the incoming staff. Under the capable leadership of Waldo L. Gundlach and Knowles B. Hollowell, he can foresee only the most promising of futures awaiting the magazine.

And now, having rung out the old and rung in the new with appropriate rites, there remains only one thing for **Polly** to do. So with best wishes to his readers of the past year and with an anticipatory nod to his readers of the future, he will gravely step down from his perch and make, with stately tread, his Exodus.



"How was the aviator killed?"
"The air stopped, but he went on."

THE QUESTION

The time has hastened on golden wing,
And the year's rolled around again,
To some it means but another spring—
But to me that thought of pain,
As I come to the end of my school career:
"Where, Oh Where, will I eat next year?"

This time of all when I should be gay
And my soul should rest in peace,
I am sad, for I know on that fatal day
That the checks from Dad will cease.
And I sigh, when I think how the time draws near:
"Where, Oh Where, will I eat next year?"

—G. A. B.

—PP—

Warden (ready to electrocute a criminal)—I am about to throw the switch. Have you anything to say?

Hard Egg—Where yuh goin' to trow it?

HOW TO LOCATE YOUR BORROWED CLOTHES IN A FRAT HOUSE

From the head of the stairs, broadcast the information that you would like to lay your hands on the — — — — — who has eloped with your clothes. If it is during study hours, repeat your invitation several times for the benefit of those who might be concentrating upon their lessons. In case this appeal to the better natures of your fraternal associates proves unavailing, more direct methods are justifiable. First, consult the Bertillon measurements of the various members of the group. (These should be readily accessible at the nearest police station.) By this means you may eliminate those individuals who are constitutionally incapable of misappropriating the desired article. The remainder should be made the objects of the closest interrogation and scrutiny. A personal investigation of their respective wardrobes should reveal, if not the desired article, at least something "just as good." Above all do not go through the needless formality of asking the owner's permission. These little social amenities are found only in dormitories and eating clubs, never in fraternities. Besides, the owner will be only too glad to do the same thing for you some time.

—PP—

Why not introduce an honor system for exams in which all that is necessary is to mark "yes" if you can answer the question and "no" if you cannot? This would both speed up the exam and make it easier for the prof. to mark.

—PP—

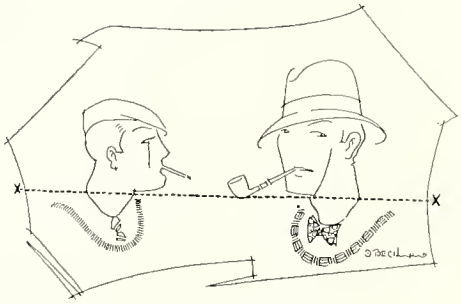
"My picture is in the year book eight times."

"That's nothing. My dress suit is in eighteen times."

—PP—

A—Time flies.

B—I can't. They're too quick for me.



The Dead-Line

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME

By MALCOLM R. EISELEN

When haughty Caesar ruled o'er
The grandeur that was Rome,
Proud were those gifted augurs
Who made the future known.
But heavy, too, his burden,
Who would the heavens scan,
A soothsayer on Sunday,
On week days, weather man.

But times have changed and manners
Since Caesar ruled the lists,
For what they knew as augurs
We call psychologists.
And woe on him who faltered,
Mistaken in his signs,
For well might he be called to
Psycho-analyze the lions.

'Twas one of such that Caesar
Once called before his throne,
For 'twas the will imperial
To have the future known.
And after meditation,
With life itself at stake,
'Twas thus he read the omens,
'Twas thus the augur spake.

"I see thy empire fallen,
Two hundred decades hence,
When bards shall tell thy glories
And use the perfect tense.
While they who would read Virgil
Or lays that Horace made
Must turn for inspiration
Unto the equine's aid.

"I see a mighty nation
Upon yon western map,
Whose people worship Bacchus
In fluid from the tap.
While all our gods are mocked at,
And e'en Zeus' power stops,
They offer up their prayers to
Strange gods called traffic cops.

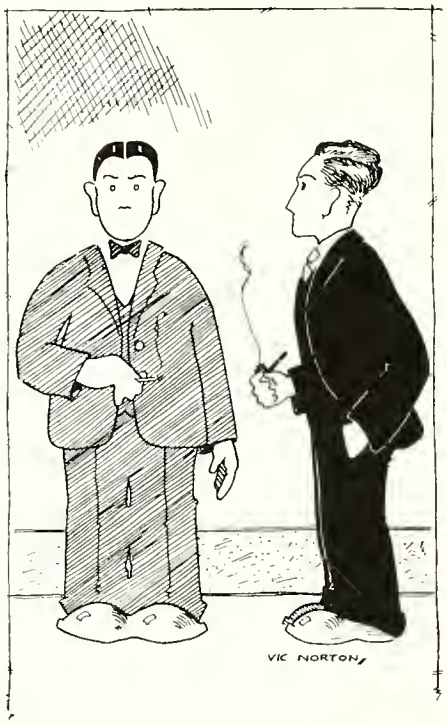
"Beneath the seas they wander,
And through the air they rove,
And for their light they harness
The thunderbolt of Jove.
Strange are the midnight costumes
I see upon their streets;
Instead of wearing togas
They go around in sheets.

"No more for sport they turn to
The javelin and the spear,
But chase the agile golf ball
About the lithosphere.
And over all is honored
Of mortals here below
The man who broke through tackle
With half a yard to go.

"No more as beasts of burden
Their horses they exploit.
But voyage on strange chariots,
Shipped f. o. b., Detroit.
And for their recreation
They park before a screen
To view in motion picture
Some prehistoric theme.

"No more do generals lead their
Brave legions to the fray,
But lead them from an armchair
Some twenty miles away.
No more are battles waged by
The shock of mass on mass,
They found that you could do it
Much better, too, by gas.

"Their scholars by their magic
Have changed the flat earth's shape,
And proved thou art descended,
Oh, Caesar, from an ape."
At this the monarch rose up
With wild, indignant shout,
And calling him a liar,
He threw the augur out.



Lowbrow—Hooray, I passed the course.
Highbrow—Honestly?
Lowbrow—Let's not go into that.

EXODUS BAGGAGE

On leaving Northwestern in June, every well-equipped freshman co-ed should take with her—

1. At least one half dozen dance programs bearing fraternity crest (forged if necessary).
2. Several corsage pins.
3. The only quiz on which she ever received an "A". (Exhibit 3 is for parental consumption only.)
4. One trunk load of miscellaneous items which she brought along last fall and has not used since.
5. Copious assortment of borrowed articles, which she has always meant to return, but whose ownership has now been forgotten.

—M. W. S.

—PP—

"How did David strike Goliath?"
"Oh, Goliath fell for him at once."

—PP—

Bib Lit Prof.—Where would you look for the Book of Numbers?
The Infidel—In the phone booth, sir.

—PP—

19th Century (reading)—"Our hero never turned a hair."
20th Century—Must have been using Stacomb.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Up from the South as midnight tolled,
A thundering Yellow Taxi rolled,
Knowing the need of the pair it bore,
As it sped its way to the Willard Door,
While the couple inside more haste implore,
Telling the world she is late once more
And Willard Hall twelve miles away.

Under the smouldering tires, the road,
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the traffic cops sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind.
And the wild-eyed driver, he cursed and swore,
Hammered and thundered and creaked his four,
As he sought to evade the closing door,
Lest late permissions be gone to stay,
And Willard Hall five miles away.

They cleared the graveyard on half a wheel,
Like demons of Hades they sway and reel,
With two miles to make and a minute to go
Though bearings may sizzle, who dared go slow?
They dashed up the drive 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the door-closing guardian was checked there because
The sight of such idiots compelled him to pause.
The two staggered out and the man's hair was gray,
Though he had her home, nor a moment's delay,
But just as they parted, the girl heard him say,
"I have brought you on time every bit of the way,
But think of the taxi bill I have to pay."

—PP—

Carl—How's your fiancée?
Frank—I haven't a fiancée any more.
Carl—Marry some other guy?
Frank—No, me.

Freda—What do you mean that the college men elect our presidents?
Fred—Sure, the Electoral College.

LOVE, HONOR, AND EXAMINATIONS

By Marjory Mallory

Act I.

By a freak of Fate, the members of a fraternity are doubly cursed with examinations. Where the faculty leave off, there do fraternity examinations begin. It was after an examination that Bobbie Burns penned those pathetic lines, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." The Delta Cheeses are in the throes of their fraternity examination. The regular semi-monthly meetings for study stipulated by the Constitution (Article II, Section 1) have existed only in the president's report to national headquarters. Accordingly, the night before finds the negligent sisters draped about fraternity hall in various attitudes of frantic lucubration.

Billy—Gimme the Ritual; you've had it for half an hour.

Indignant Doris—Go 'way! I was here first!

Billy—Well, I guess I came up as soon as I could. Tell you what! Let's study it together. Two heads are better than one. (Which is indubitably true. Look at the Smith Brothers.)

Doris reluctantly submits to arbitration and four or five park themselves about her a la seminar ready for whatever pearls she may happen to let fall.

Doris (declaiming the oath in sepulchral accents) —"I solemnly promise not to reveal any of the secrets—"

Kay—Then be quiet. Anyone who happened to be outside could be revealed anything if you bellow so.

Mary (in the corner, trying to concentrate on the constitution in right royal fellowship with three others)—For the love of mud, let's be quiet! How can I learn anything?

Doris (serenely)—I don't know, darling. I always did wonder how you ever got into college—"and I promise to guard my honor as a member of Delta Chi—." got that?

Mary—I'm going.

Doris (philosophically)—Well, I guess I can bear the separation if I try hard enough. (Was it Solomon who once remarked that four out of every five woman haters are women?) "—as a member of Delta Chi—" Who said they had some gum? Oh, is it Black Jack? No thanks, I don't like licorice. Well, "I do hereby solemnly pledge myself—" and so on, in the language indigenous to all rituals, until the flaming chariot of rosy-fingered Apollo ushered in the dawn—as they say in freshman English.

Act II.

Next morning, early, fraternity hall is the scene of ant-like industry. The conscientious members are trying to repeat the oath, aim and mottoes with a respectable degree of homogeneity; the less fastidious victims are enthusiastically engaged in transferring desirable information to the immediately contiguous walls, woodwork, curtains and blotters. Fran writes on the back of the crest, which she will use for a support in more ways than one. Billy puts the whole chapter roll in the magazine on which she is going to write. Doris stuffs the Constitution up under her sweater, and Kay sits on her cram sheets.

Mary—You're not going to cheat on a fraternity exam?

Kay—No, I'm merely putting Satan behind me.

(This laudable resolve is interrupted by the arrival of the alumna scholarship head. The questions are given out, attended by three rousing groans, and the inquisition begins. All goes well for some time, until the ready knowledge is disposed of. Then the surreptitious abstraction of portable knowledge begins, and there is enough cribbing to supply a day and night nursery.)

Kay (more or less sotto voce)—Who wants to trade the chapter roll for the Ritual?

Doris—And I'll throw in the aim and mottos.

(To all of which the alumna head is generously oblivious. It is easy to see why the chapter unanimously re-elects her year after year.)

One by one the papers are finished, each having stood loyally by her sisters and assisted them in every way, even as the Ritual decrees. At last only Billy and Mary are left. Silence for a time, while Mary cogitates—uselessly. At last she falls.

Mary (timidly)—Billy! What comes after the part about fellowship in the Oath.

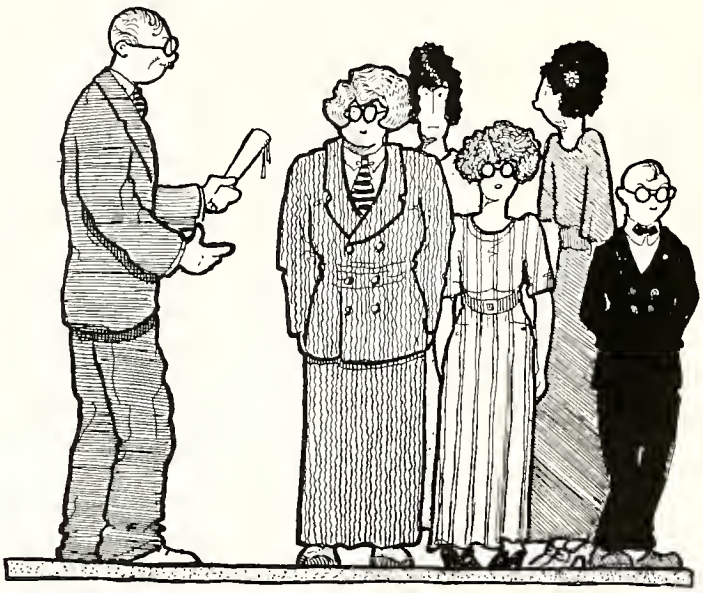
Billy—"I promise to guard my honor—"

Mary—Oh, yes! Thanks! I'm all through, now. Hope I passed.

JUST ABOUT TH

HERE AND THER

By John



The president of the Phi Bete chapter is about to give the new "brothers" the grip. The incoming chapter looks heavily burdened by the affairs of the universe. On the other hand, they may be worrying about the five dollar initiation fee.

The twenty-dollar initiation fee was
Behold them engaged in various forms of
sary simoleons in a hurry.

The class voted him its most energetic man, but that was before spring fever took its deadly toll.

TIME OF YEAR

ON THE CAMPUS

e Pusey

vful blow to these particular Seniors. easures designed to captivate the neces-

Contrary to appearances, his reason has not tottered upon her throne as the result of overwork. This is simply one student's method of bidding a tearful farewell to his studies. Presently, he will carefully gather up the pieces and try to hock them for what they will bring.

When the faculty turned down the annual Senior petition to be excused from finals, they left this particular speciman in a bad way.

ANOTHER NUT TEST

In order to save wear and tear on the editorial wastebasket, it has been decided to give an intelligence test to all Purple Parrot contributors. The following test has been drawn up by the editor and ratified by the Student Publishing Co., Inc. It is to go into immediate effect, and no contributors will be considered who have not passed it successfully.

Take an old copy of the Purple Parrot and with your pencil make a dot over the letter "Z" in the title. Then if Easter vacation comes in August, write "yes" no matter whether the Cascades are at Niagara or not. Make a circle here and if you think you are right, enclose the dot in an envelope with $10, and send it to the editor. Do not sign your name. He will take care of it.

—M. W. S.

—PP—

Your Nose Knows

"What a difference a few scents make," said the nearsighted gentleman when the supposed kitty turned out to be a skunk.

—PP—

Our contribution for the height of something or other is the fellow who sits next to us in one of our choloroform seances and says to us, "Wake up, the prof may call on me."

—PP—

Neighbor—How long has your boy been at college?

Father—Oh, about a checkbook and a half.

WHY NOT?

If progress continues at the present rate, how soon can we expect:

1—Alarm clocks with a soul?

2—Dance orchestras which don't "record exclusively, etc.?"

3—Baseball teams which don't "trounce" their opponents?

4—Co-eds to talk about something besides clothes and men?

5—Eds to talk about something? This goes for profs, too.

6—An automatic library? Just drop in a slug and get the wrong book. At least you get a book.

7—Editors without scrap baskets?

—S. A. L.

—PP—

Beauty Hint

Mary—Is she cleanly?

Contrary—My, yes. She uses distilled water to wash in.

—PP—

Proud Editor—Lots of our best jokes appear in Life and Judge.

Cynic—I wondered where you got them.

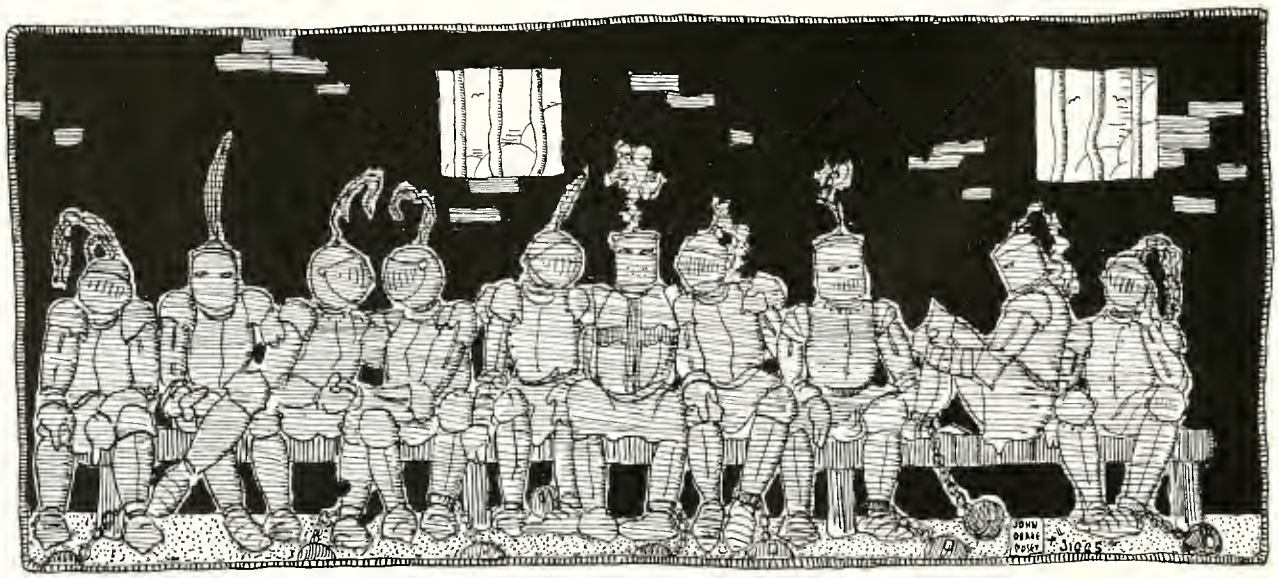
—PP—

Old Grad.—What did Bob do after he graduated?

Older Grad.—Why, he's handling quite a bit of real estate.

Old Grad—Selling it?

Older Grad.—No, digging it.



Ten Knights in a Bar-Room

MOVIE OF A WELL-MEANING SENIOR ATTEMPTING TO STUDY

Time—8:30 on the night of the last full moon before Commencement.

Scene—Student's room in habitual condition.

Reel I.

Student looks out of window for alleged last time. Turns on light. Blinks. Sits down at table and opens book. Assumes attitude as though reading. (Anyone inexperienced might think he was.)

Reel II.

Student looks at watch. Repeats process thrice before time actually registers upon cerebral functions. Tries to remember what he has read. Seems to recall nothing at all. Turns attention to printed page. Registers fact that it is same page as exhibited in Reel I. Concludes he has done no studying at all. Sighs. Looks out of window.

Reel III.

Enter mosquito. Approaches student. Approach repulsed. Student decides room is too warm. Contemplates moving to window for cooling. Heroically refrains, and turns attention to book.

Reel IV.

Re-enter mosquito. Re-approaches student. Forcibly repulsed, giving his life for his native swamp upon the student's deeply furrowed brow. (Subtitle: Oh death! where is thy sting?)

Reel V.

Student removes the debris. Speculates upon the transitory nature of all life. Attention wanders toward window, from window to moon. Short period of delusive calm.

Reel VI.

Period of delusive calm suddenly terminated by determined exitory movement.

Reel VII.

Same student seen ascending the steps of Willard Hall. Fade out.

—M. W. S.

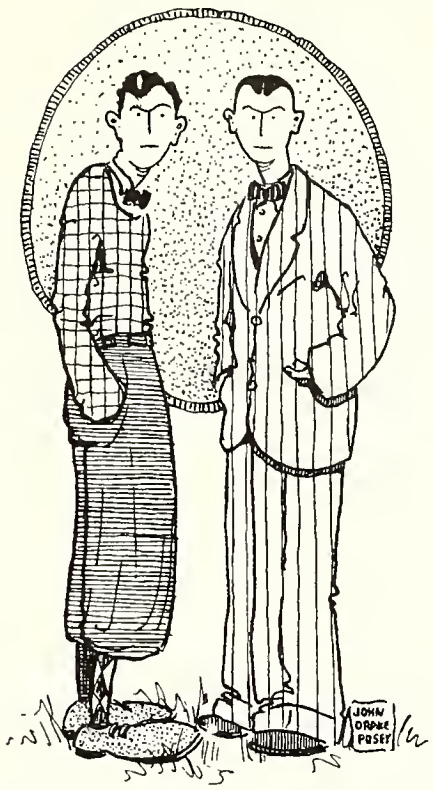
—PP—

Jealousy

Pray why, with all these girls to call for,
(I ask the fickle fates above)
Must every man around here fall for
The only girl I really love?

—PP—

Frater—Any more shredded wheat?
Waiter—Nope.
Frater—Well, that's the last straw.



Joie—Those fellows sure tear down the track.
Ray—Sprinters?
Joie—Naw, wrecking crew.

MEMORY

Will I ever forget the golden dreams
That entranced me by your side?
Will I ever forget those silver beams
When the moonlight was our guide?
Will I ever forget the days we strolled
Or the nights we sped along?
Will I ever forget the tales we told;
Will I ever forget your song?
And though another has seized my place,
Will memory e'er be still?
Will I ever forget your smiling face?
Will I ever—you bet I will.

—PP—

The millionaire publisher had been an inveterate opponent of royalty, and now the King had made him a Duke.

"And now, your majesty," he implored, "I crave forgiveness. I have completely changed my views concerning the royalty."

"That's all right; you are entitled to do that," said the King wearily.

"He started business on a shoestring."
"Breaking in at the foot, as it were."

GLOOM MATRIMONIAL

I try to be a Christian
And love my fellow man;
To love the bird who hurts you
I find the wisest plan.

But of one fellow mortal
I should be gladly rid—
The man who popped the question
The night before I did.

—PP—

Medical Science

Professor—Suppose your patient has acute paraphrenitis. What would you give him?

Medical Student (bluffing)—A quinine tablet.

Professor (sarcastically)—I suppose if a man fell off a ten-story building you would prescribe a tablet?

Medical Student—Yes sir, a stone tablet.

—PP—

What is so rare as a day in June?
My, what an easy one!
The stude who hadn't predicted the score
AFTER the game was done.

—PP—

Creosote—Hey, get a stretcher.

Asafetida—'Smatter, somebody injured?

Creosote—Naw, I'm trying to get into my roommate's shoes for the dance.

—PP—

"Does your son graduate this year?"

"Oh, no; he has another year of eligibility for football."

SUGGESTED EX FOR A COURSE IN ADVERTISING

1. Under what circumstances would you walk a mile? Don't you think a better system of distribution might be developed?

2. What is the reason for Postum? (This is a catch question. No one else knows either.)

3. Give the poetic value of Campbell's soups.

4. What mode of transportation is assumed by the thinking fellow? Can you think of a slogan more appropriate for the college trade?

5. "Best in the Long Run." Does this refer to Joie Ray?

6. Identify (a) "Your nose knows." (b) "And even your closest friends won't tell you."

7. Name something besides checks which is not good without the signature.

8. What motorist spends all his time rubbing it in on unfortunate friends with a flat tire?

—PP—

"I just saw Professor Blank taking a car which didn't belong to him."

"Good heavens. Was he arrested?"

"Naw, it was a street car."

—PP—

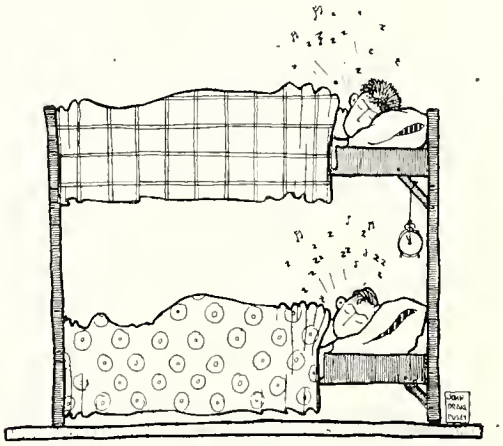
"What is the commonest form of eye-trouble, doctor?"

"Egotism."

—PP—

"They say that Diogenes lived in a tub."

"At least he had to stay home Saturday nights."



"Two Souls with but a Single Thought"

ON DEVELOPING A LINE

Through four years of college dances, I have been forced to compile considerable of a line for the edification of my sundry female partners. Feeling that it has now reached a state of technical perfection, and inasmuch as I am about to depart from these classic shades, I wish to give the world the benefit of my researches along this line. To do this, no medium could be more suitable than the pages of this remarkable periodical, which has always received my contributions gladly—particularly since I became editor.

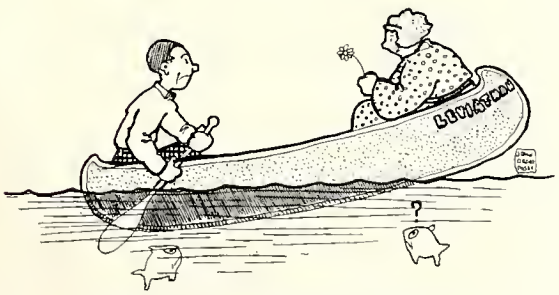
To break the conversational ice, it is usually well to remark upon the excellence of the music. Or, if it isn't that kind of an orchestra, ask her if she doesn't think the floor is unusually smooth tonight. The ice should now be cracked—the only disadvantage being that she may think that you are, too. Being a lady, she will probably conceal her suspicions leaving you free to proceed with the next step.

This is simplicity itself. Spring a random joke from the latest issue of the Purple Parrot. If she laughs heartily, you will know that she has lost her subscription card and so has not received the last number. Accordingly, you may safely regale her until the end of the dance with choice excerpts from these pages. If she does not laugh, she has evidently either read it or is a creature of such superficial mentality that further attempts at conversation would be as useless as a dollar bill in an automat. To extricate yourself from this intolerable situation, simply let fall one of the hotel spoons which you have undoubtedly concealed upon your person. In the resulting confusion, it should not be difficult for you to make your escape.

—PP—

Spring Poetry

In the spring the young man fancies,
(No, this isn't what you think)—
In the spring the young man fancies
He will find a cooling drink.



What's Wrong in This Picture?

We couldn't tell
What to call this;
So let it go,
And here it is.

GLOOM LITERARY

I wished to write a little pome
(Could anything be sweeter)
And so I took a taxi home,
That's where I got the meter.

One early morn I chanced to pass
While chilly mists still hovered;
I found the frost upon the grass
And so the rime discovered.

And then I wrote this little lay,
And as you see, it's rotten.
Though rime and meter were O. K.
A subject I'd forgotten.

—PP—

Waiter—What will it be today, sir?

Vegetarian—Egg plant omelet, and a glass of milkweed.

—PP—

Daughter—Father, I need a new hat. I haven't a thing to wear on my head.

Father—All right, dear. Will twenty dollars cover it?

—PP—

Lender—What, you want to borrow another five? You must think a lot of that girl.

Lendee—Yes, she's very dear to me.

GLASS HOUSES

I made a speech the other day in public speaking. My subject was "Procrastination," and I was at my best. I flayed the procrastinator, I execrated, I annihilated him. My audience was spell-bound; every heart was moved. I closed with a magnificent oratorical climax, which left the air vibrant about me. I walked to my seat. The instructor was writing in his book. "Very good," he said, "very good indeed. By the way, where is that speech report which is two weeks overdue?" and everybody laughed.

IS IT UNCONSTITUTIONAL:

To spring a brilliant retort from the front row of a classroom?

For a student to seek the classroom with any motive except sleep?

For an office boy to ask bluntly for an afternoon off to attend a ball game?

For a Sunday supplement character to have a visible means of support?

For a bride to produce truly edible pastry?

For an automobile to run out of gas right in front of a garage?

FAREWELL

Pray forgive, oh Purple Parrot, if it will be just the same,
All the puns that we've committed, hiding guilt beneath your name;
And forgive the hoary chestnuts that we sometimes fed to you,
For if there were never old ones, how could we enjoy the new?

We lay down the pen and scissors, and our heart is beating sore,
As we think that all our jokes are one year older than before.
For the old friends are the dearest, and in parting there is pain,
Even though we know that we will see them all in print again.

But we have secured our sheepskin and like many more we find
That we better go before the faculty can change its mind;
So, Old Bird, the year is ended—though we wish you many more—
And we write the verdict, "Finis. Purple Parrot. Volume IV."

—M. R. E.

Main entrance of THE ORRINGTON and the approach to the Palm Court

Application *for*

COMMENCEMENT

RESERVATION

THE ORRINGTON,
Evanston, Illinois Date.....
Gentlemen:

Kindly send data on hotel accommodations at THE ORRINGTON for ..... people beginning June ..... and continuing until.....

We shall likely need:

.....Single rooms.
State No.

.....Double rooms.
State No.

.....2-Room Suite.
State No.

Parent's or
Relative's Name.....

Address .....

.....

Student's Name.....

Evanston Address .....

Phone .....

Are you graduating this June? .....

For Commencement—

Have Your People Stop at The Orrington

This commencement parents and relatives of graduates and visiting alumni may enjoy the very finest hotel accommodations at THE ORRINGTON.

Here in a most delightful environment are rooms or suites of rooms elegantly furnished, reflecting every comfort and all the refinement of a magnificent home.

Many people, particularly those from the South, have engaged quarters for the entire summer. If your people are coming to Evanston for commencement fill out blank above at once. We will send rates and data and arrange reservation subject to your approval and our confirmation.

The
ORRINGTON
EVANSTON ILLINOIS

At Graduation Time

The exchange of photographs has rightly become a universal custom, because it provides a graceful way of acknowledging friendships.

In order that those who expect your photograph may not be disappointed —Phone now!

Eugene L. Ray
Studio

Phone Ev. 2238 Hoyburn Bldg.

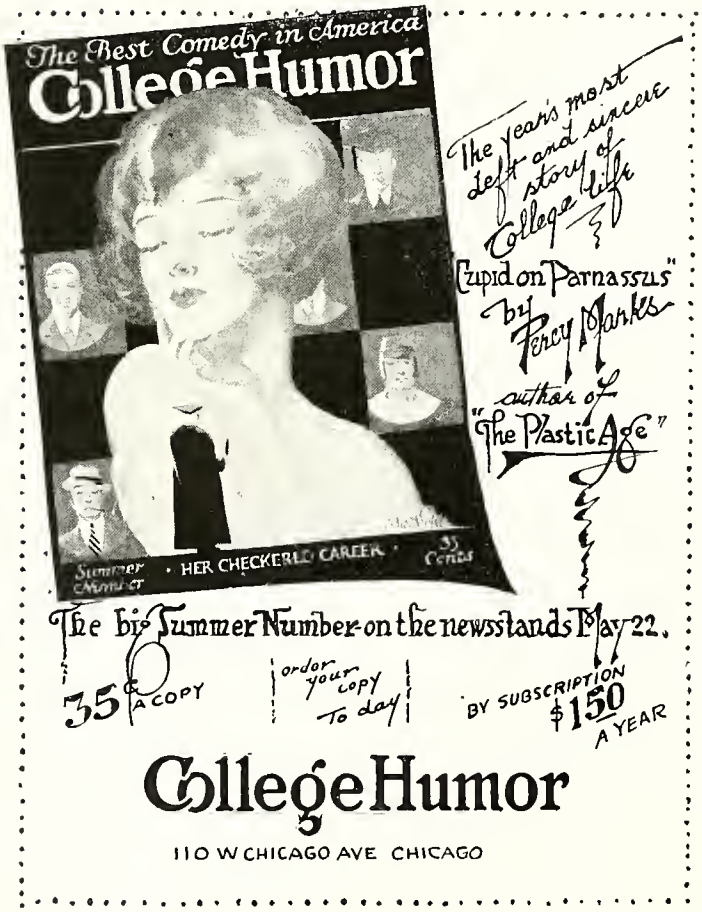
He—I certainly enjoyed that dance.

She—I'm so glad. I feel now that I lost these slippers in a good cause.—Michigan Gargoyle.

--¶P--

Under the swinging street car strap,
The homely co-ed stands,
And stands, and stands, and stands, and stands,
And stands, and stands, and stands.

—Iowa State Green Gander.



"Pardon me, but I think we have some common ancestors," began the young man in the bright green cap.

"No doubt you have," replied Miss Cutting, as she turned her back.—Colorado Dodo.

--¶P--

John—Hey, Bill, is there any shellac in the house?

Barleycorn—I don't know. Do they put alcohol in it?

John—Yea. Why?

Barleycorn—Well, there isn't any.—Florida U. Swamp Angel.

--¶P--

Hey—Do you have any trouble paying your bills?

Ho—No, the trouble comes when I don't pay them.—Notre Dame Juggler.

--¶P--

It's easy enough to be pleasant
When nothing at all goes amiss,
But the man worth while
Is the print. who can smile
When he sets such junk as this!

—Grinnell Malteaser.

--¶P--

If it is true that the greatest thinkers of the time are bald-headed, what of the women? **What of the women? WHAT OF THE WOMEN?**—Illinois Siren.

--¶P--

"Well, Bloom," a physician asked a young colleague who was just starting in, "how's your practice?"

"In the mornings, practically no one comes," was the reply, "and in the afternoons the rush falls off a bit."—Penn State Froth.

--¶P--

"As your daughter has just promised to marry me, I'd like to know if there is any insanity in your family."

"I'll say there is."—U. of So. Cal. Wampus.

Stu—What time is it when a man scratches his head?

Dent—Why, five after one, of course.—Oklahoma Whirlwind.

—qp—

"Do you think Friday is unlucky?"

"No. I was born on Friday."

"Well, what does your family think?"—C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

—qp—

She broke a date with me
One night,
And later she explained
She had spent the night with
Friend Isabelle.
Now, what could I do;
For I had spent
The whole same evening
With
Isabelle
Myself?

—Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern.

—qp—

"What ho, barber!"

"Gillette, sir."—California Pelican.

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"I'd like to go to a funeral this afternoon, sir," said the office boy.

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"No, sir; I know I won't," the boy murmured resignedly. "But I would like to all the same."

Something tragic and appealing in the youthful voice led the chief to ask: "Whose funeral?"

"Yours, sir," said the boy.—Harvard Lampoon.

—¶P—

She—And you only make $30 per, why that wouldn't keep me in handkerchiefs.

He—Then let's wait until your cold gets better.—Wittenburg Witt.

—¶P—

1st Prof—Come go to a movie with me.

2nd Prof—I have to meet a class.

1st Prof—Aw, give them an hour quiz and come on.—Texas Ranger.

—¶P—

Co—Do you think that betting on football games is wrong?

Ed—The way I bet is.—Denver Parrakeet.

—¶P—

Polly—But it isn't right for you to say you love me; you must only think it.

Rolly—But I don't think it—I only say it.—California Pelican.

Waiter—Want soup?

Diner—Is it good soup?

Waiter—Sure, fourteen carrot.—Yale Record.

—¶P—

Freshman—Why does it rain?

Senior—To make the flowers grow.

Freshman—Then why does it rain on the sidewalks?—California Pelican.

—¶P—

"You probably don't remember me, professor," began the meek, middle-aged man, "but fifteen years ago you sent me over to the library to get a book for you—"

"Yes, yes," returned the professor, "and have you got it?"—Columbia Jester.

—¶P—

"Is my son getting well grounded in the classics?" asked the fond parent.

"Even stronger than that, sir. I may even say that in addition to being grounded he is absolutely stranded," replied the tutor.—Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.

—¶P—

Irate Citizen (from his bedroom window)—Say you, down there, who are you talking to?

Intoxicated Romeo—Nobuddy 'n perticerler. I'm jesh broadcashtin'.—Nebraska Awgwan.

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He—Oh, yes. One person does.

She (drawing closer)—Who?

"The jeweler."—Grinnell Malteaser.

—¶P—

"Do you play Mah Jongg?"

"What's that?"

"Oh, that's a game you play with little ivory blocks."

"Hell, yes, I play that. Why don't you say what you meant?"—Missouri Showme.

—¶P—

"He said he could marry any girl he pleased."

"Yes, but could he ever please one?"—Grinnell Malteaser.

—¶P—

"This water has germs in it. You'd better boil it before drinking it."

"Nonsense. I'd just as leave be an aquarium as a cemetery."—Leland Stanford Chaparral.

—¶P—

Brute—So you have never attended college?

Brutus—No, I got my knowledge through the mail.

Brute—I see.

Brutus—Yes.—Texas Ranger.

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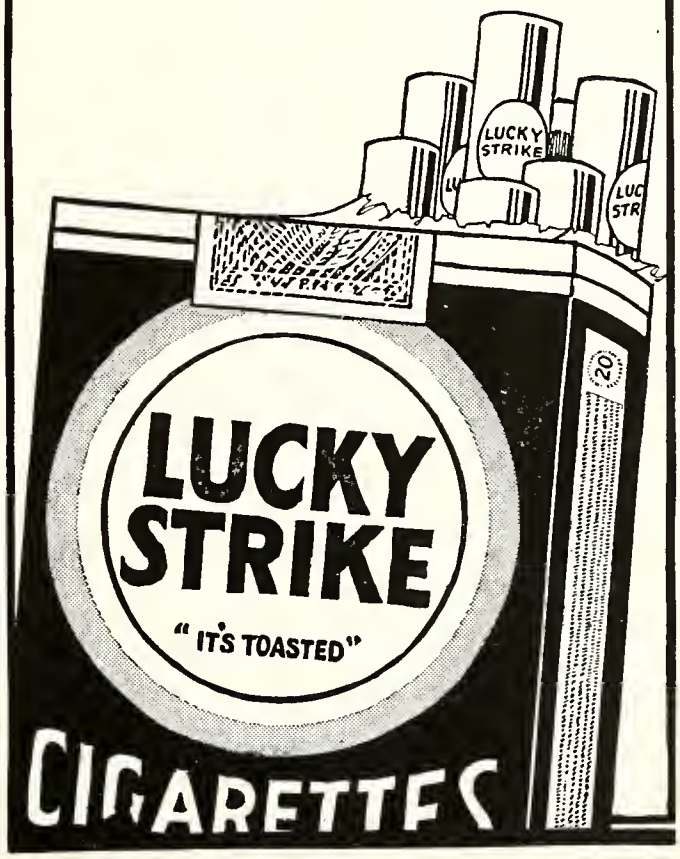

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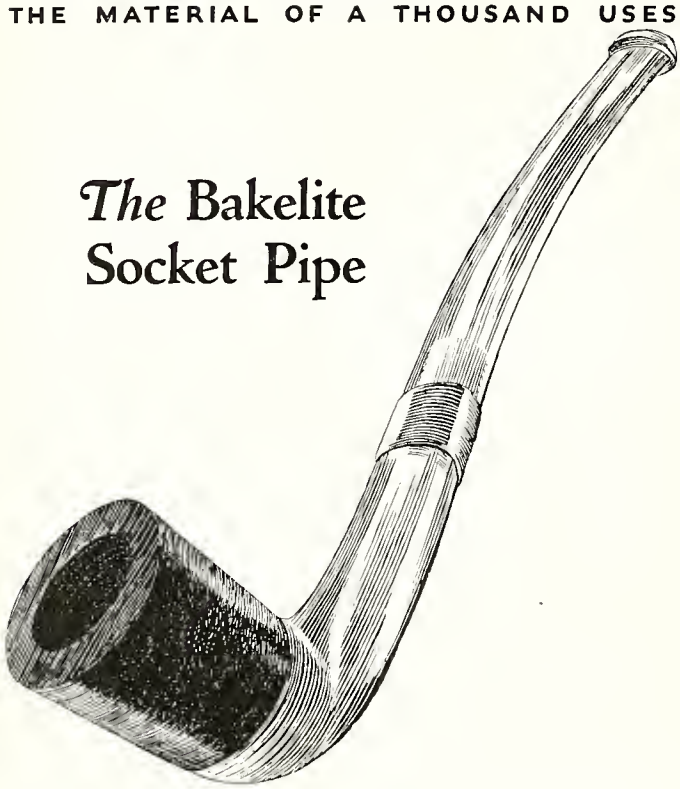

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Collegiate Two—For assault and battery?

Collegiate One—No, for contempt of court.

—¶P—

Spark—You say his brother is cross-eyed?

Plug—Is he? He's so cross-eyed he only needs one lens in his spectacles.—Wash and Lee Mink.

—¶P—

Bank Inspector—Where's the cashier? Gone for a rest?

President—No, to avoid it.—Michigan Gargoyle.

—¶P—

He (to girl)—Yes, I think I'll get a Cadillac or a Stutz. It's such a bother not having a car around college, you know.

He (to roommate)—Lend you $10? Good Lord, man, I've only got $2.98 to last the rest of the month. —Wash. and Lee Mink.

—¶P—

17—Please, sir, how can I find the Library?

15—Well, see that fellow over there all dolled up? Follow him.—Leland Stanford Chaparral.

—¶P—

"Would you put yourself out for me?"

"Surely, dear."

"Well, then, please do. It's after twelve and I'm awfully tired."—Hamilton Royal Gaboon.

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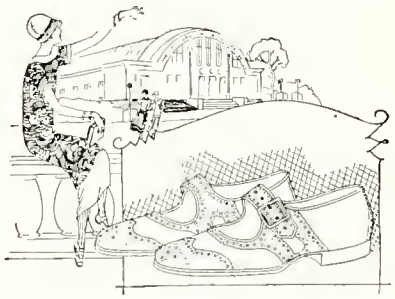

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—¶P—

Chauffeur—Say, do you know where I can get a hairpin to fix this engine with?

Stude—Reach down behind the cushion on the back seat.—Penn. State Froth.

—¶P—

"Jones is very enthusiastic over the play. But why is that seat near him vacant?"

"It isn't vacant. He is beside himself."—Leland Stanford Chaparral.

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Ed—How long have you been married, Jim?

Jim—Oh, for about two pouting spells and a hysterical attack.—Oregon Lemon Punch.

—¶P—

Judge—What is the prisoner charged with?

Cop—He was drunk, your honor.

Judge—What was he doing at the time of his arrest?

Cop—Having a very heated argument with a taxi driver.

Judge—But that doesn't prove he was drunk.

Cop—Ah, but there was no taxi driver, your honor.—Kan. Agr. Col. Brown Bull.

—¶P—

Dentist—Pardon me, Miss, just a moment, I must have a drill.

Patient Less Patient—For heaven's sake, can't I have my tooth filled without a rehearsal?—N. Y. U. Medley.

—¶P—

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea;
I knew she would lie over the ocean—
She was always lying to me.
—Missouri Showme.

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Pocus—How come?

Hocus—Well, I saw some of them looking in the dictionary last week.—Iowa State Green Gander.

—¶P—

First—Did you notice that girl's head the chap in front of us was drawing in Chem. class?

Second—No! I'm afraid I was asleep most of the time.

First—Huh! Lot of good you get out of that class.—Yale Record.

—¶P—

"Where's the daughter?" asked a Siberian chieftain of his wife.

"Oh, she's sitting out on the steppes with her young man.—Cornell Widow.

—¶P—

The meanest man in the world is the roommate who borrows your best tie, and then goes out and orders grapefruit.—Columbia Jester.

—¶P—

Young History Prof—Your map is terrible, Miss Jones.

Miss Jones—Huh, you didn't seem to think so last night.—Michigan Gargoyle.

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